THE WESTERN LUMINARY.

"THE LAMB IS THE LIGHT THEREOF."—Rev. xxi. 23.

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EDITED BY

J. Breckinridge & J. C. Harrison.

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For the Western Luminary.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

Sketch of the Life and Character of Mrs. Jane Irvine, who died in Lexington, April 20, 1824—an extract from her funeral sermon.

"We knew her only in the decline of life. But we knew her as planted in the house of our God, and as bringing forth abundance of fruit even in old age. We knew her as one who had been severely tried—but who had been protected in an eminent degree by Him who is the stranger's shield, the widow's stay, and the orphan's help.

"During her sojourning of 60 or 70 years, many were the changes which she witnessed and endured. An empire during that period arose, and unmeasured forests, which from time immemorial had been the haunts of wild beasts, and of men still more savage, became not only the abodes of peace and civilization, but of elegance and refinement. But while this great and important effect was produced, she as an individual was the subject of innumerable revolutions. Her parents, and first instructors, and the companions of her youth, and nearly all that marked human life, when she first became acquainted with it, had disappeared. She stood among us during the last 20 years as nearly the solitary remnant of a generation, and of a state of things of which we have only heard.

"She was formed for enjoying society. She had a heart which knew the value of a friend. But friend after friend, acquaintance after acquaintance, and confidant after confidant, were, in the vicissitudes of society, swept from her, and she was again and again left to seek for other friends and other confidants to whom she might embosom her joys and her sorrows. In these changes of friends and confidants she was sometimes disappointed even when her expectations had been high, and found when it was too late, that her confidence had been misplaced. And again, when she found those in whom she deservedly put confidence, they were taken from her, when she was just beginning to know their value.—He who demands our hearts, and who has the best claim to our hearts, will not allow any of his own people to fall down before another god.

"She visited Kentucky with the first female adventurers, and she settled in Lexington with the very first settlers. In the vigour and bloom of youth—with her hopes high, and under the protection of the man of her choice, she beheld this fair and extensive land while its virgin soil was yet unbroken, and while tracts of it, equal to European lordships and dukedoms, were secured with little more trouble than merely going round them. But while every sense was regaled with the fragrance and richness of the native productions of the land, and while the imagination itself was at a loss to form

any adequate conception of the individual and national wealth which only half a generation would witness, she heard the Indian war-whoop, and saw the tomahawk and the scalping-knife.

"Her husband was the first county lieutenant of Fayette, and Fayette county at that time embraced all north of the Kentucky river. On the 15th of August, 1782, Bryant's Station, in the immediate neighbourhood of Lexington, was besieged in form by a numerous and well organized Indian force.* The colonel commandant was not unfaithful to his trust—he lost no time to repel the invaders. In less than 24 hours warning was given, and all the disposable force collected from 30 miles round, and in the morning of the 18th he left the subject of the sketch in her cabin with one infant by her side and another daily expected. And he left her to return no more. He fell with many others in the memorable and fatal battle of the Blue Licks.

"She had while in infancy and youth been brought up in the fear of God—under the influence of industry and economy, and in the regular attendance upon the means of grace. These means had also been blest to her;—for while her heart was yet young and tender, she had taken the Lord God of her fathers to be her own God, and long before she knew much of either domestic or public sorrow, she knew that the God of Abraham was faithful in fulfilling all his promises. And from this source she drew her support when almost every earthly source of support and comfort was dried up.

"We cannot go into any details of the remaining forty years of her sojourning. It is enough to say, that while she had a great variety of enjoyments, her trials and disappointments were also many, and that she never had made up to her in the enjoyment of any earthly good the loss which she sustained in the death of the object of her first affection.

"In attempting to exhibit for our mutual edification some of the leading features of her character, we would particularly mark the following.

"1. There was in her a union of the keenest sensibility with the most exalted fortitude. She felt, and she felt deeply, for another's woes. She had a heart of flesh, not a heart of stone—the heart of a child, not the heart of a slave, and she deeply felt when the hand of her God on many occasions was heavy upon her, and heavy upon those who were near and dear unto her. But while she felt as a woman and as a child, she on many occasions spoke and acted as a hero. We have seen her on some of these occasions planning and executing, and arranging her thoughts, and speaking with a precision and a force which gave evidence that her mind was no ordinary mind, and that her resources were no ordinary resources.

"2. She was farther distinguished by pure and exalted charity in the apostolic sense of the term. Piety in every form and in every degree was with her an object of affection and respect. She loved her neighbour, whether poor or rich, as sincerely and constantly as she loved herself.

"But,

"3 Her fidelity to her Lord and Master, and to the souls of her friends, must also be noticed. Her charity did not lead her to believe, that a man or a woman, whether young or old, rich or poor, could be safe while a stranger to the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Spirit of God. To live without prayer, to live in the neglect of all the means of grace, to live without any deep concern about the important interests of eternity, was with her to walk in the high road which leads to destruction. And the most of her intimate friends and acquaintances

* Marshall's History of Kentucky, Vol. I. pages 157—167.

who thus lived, can this day bear testimony for God (and it may be against themselves) that they were on many occasions by her faithfully and most affectionately warned of their danger, and admonished and encouraged to shun the ways of sin and folly, and seek for salvation and happiness where they only can be found.

"We need not add,

"4. That in her the source of all these and the other virtues for which she was more or less distinguished, was genuine and ardent piety. Her heart was circumcised to love the Lord her God, and to keep his commandments. And his commandments were not grievous. Her obedience was a cheerful obedience, for she knew that in the keeping of his commandments there was a great reward.

"The circumstances of her death were interesting and instructive. She was with you in this house on the 2nd Sabbath of February, when the funeral discourse of a late brother* was pronounced. She was here again, and for the last time, on the Saturday following, and joined in all the services which were preparatory to the communion on the succeeding Sabbath. She rose that morning at her usual time, in her usual health, and it is presumed made her usual preparation for again publicly avouching the Lord God of Israel for her own God. But it was the will of her God and Saviour that she should serve him in another way.

"The hour had arrived when she was to proceed from her own house to the house of God. She was merely crossing the passage, when she fell, and in the fall received a fracture which from that moment rendered her incapable of moving, but as she was moved by others.

"No words can express either what she suffered as to her body, or what she enjoyed as to peace, and satisfaction, and joy of the Holy Ghost, during the two months which she lived after the fall. It is enough to say, that before she could be raised from the floor the song of triumph was in her mouth, and that, till she joined the company of the redeemed in heaven, it was scarcely interrupted but by the attention which her crazy and mortal body demanded. During the whole of these otherwise wearisome days and nights, she literally illustrated the declaration of the apostle, "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope: And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us."—Rom. v. 3—5.

* Joseph C. Breckinridge.

CAUSE OF THE JEWS.

THE NARRATIVE OF MR. WOLFF.

Lexington, June 22, 1824.

Rev. Sir,—According to the request of some of my friends here, and to gratify the friends of Zion, as well as to express my own good wishes towards the ancient Israel of God, I have written down the dealings of Jehovah with me; and my sincere prayer is, that, whether this narrative be read by Jew or Gentile, their hearts may be touched by the Spirit of God, and may be made to glorify Him who, although 1800 years have passed away, has not forgotten his word to fulfil towards the sons and daughters of Abraham.

I was born in the city of London, in the year of our Lord 1797. My parents were of good standing among their own people, and my father belonged to the Jewish Synagogue for 36 years. Without entering into a detail of my younger days, suffice it to say, that I received a Hebrew education, and learnt a trade, which was thought sufficient to enter into the wide world with. I left my home and came to New-York in 1819, and after frequently visiting the Jewish Synagogue in

that place, I was induced one Sunday to take a walk; and in one of the streets I discovered a large group of *black people*, which was a novel sight to me, having never seen more than two or three before. After arriving at my boarding-house, I inquired the cause of their assemblage; and was told that a certain colored man, by the name of *Paul*, a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, preached three times on Sabbath in a house erected for that purpose. I concluded that I would go to hear him, to gratify a vain desire, expecting to hear some *curious doctrines*. At the time appointed, I directed my course towards the chapel. On entering, a smile was created on my countenance at seeing so large a number of blacks assembled, with here and there a white person. I waited with much anxiety for the service to commence; when Paul made his appearance, gave out a hymn, sung, and prayed—which was near bringing me to the conclusion of leaving the chapel, for in his prayer he prayed most fervently in behalf of the Jews. I took it for granted that he had learned by some means or other that I was in the house, and that he wished to insult me by mentioning me in his prayer. Had it not have been for disturbing the press that was near me, I should certainly have retired. I therefore kept my seat until he pronounced his text, as I thought, to correspond with his prayer. The words were from St. Matthew, chap. xxiii, verse 37: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets," &c.; but if the prayer and text exasperated me, the sermon melted me down by degrees until I became solicitous about my spiritual welfare. I never was so much affected before; and had it not been for pride and shame, I should have wept bitterly. I returned home, and pondered seriously upon what I had heard—cast myself upon my bed, and in the midst of my reflections, fell asleep. The next morning, I launched forth into the busy concerns of the world, and at length smothered all concern about my eternal welfare. About this time I set out to travel, not being happy either among Jews or Christians. I felt myself a *poor outcast*. I lived in this way for the space of three years, when I arrived in Philadelphia. There were many Jews there; but I could not find any happiness in being among them, and therefore kept the company of Christians. It happened that a Jewish family lived just opposite to the house where I boarded, and my landlady hinted that she suspected me to be a Jew, to which I constantly affirmed that she was mistaken; not willing to acknowledge at that time the fact, for fear that I should have to countenance some of my brethren. But after moving my residence several times, I concluded to leave town. I departed, and came to Pittsburgh; from thence I got on board a flat boat, for the purpose of going to New Orleans; but providentially I had not sailed far, before I left the boat and stopt at a small town, called Steubenville. There being no Jews there, I frequently went to meeting. Leaving that place, I got work seven miles below; and was there convinced, that unless I was *born again*, I must inevitably perish—but forming ungodly acquaintances, pride interfered, and I was unwilling to make so great a sacrifice; and having occasion to move again, I came to Washington, in Kentucky. I now resolved to search the Old and New Testaments diligently, and to lay prejudice aside. Accordingly I purchased a Bible having the Old and New Testaments in it, and began to study the different doctrines, (as I then thought those were, in the Old and New Testaments,) with much and fervent prayer to Almighty God to direct and enlighten me. After having read the New Testament, which seemed to me to be a strange story, such as I had never heard or read of before, I

read the Old Testament, and found that the prophesies interspersed thro' it were faithfully fulfilled in the New; and one especially had a very great influence upon my mind in convincing me that Messiah had come, found in Genesis xlix. 10: "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until *Shiloh* come; and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." And again, Deut. xviii. 15: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken." Being convinced that these had their actual fulfilment in the person of Christ, I was baptized on the 22d of November, 1823, by the Rev. Abel Robinson, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which church I then joined, in Washington, Ky. I then went to a Quarterly Meeting in Augusta, Ky. and it pleased God to reveal himself fully and most gloriously to my soul, as reconciled to me in Jesus Christ.* From that time my grief was turned into joy, my tears of sorrow were dried up, and instead of fearing hell, the fear only of offending God was now always before my eyes. "Praise the Lord, Oh my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." He has done great things for me, whereof I am exceeding glad. He has taken my feet out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and has established my goings. He has put a new song into my mouth, even praises to my God. He has enabled me to say, that I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God to the salvation of him that believeth; to the *Jew* first, and also to the Gentile.

If this narrative should happen to fall into the hands of one who styles himself a son of Abraham, let him consider that it is Abraham's faith and Abraham's religion I have embraced; for Abraham saw the day of Christ, and was glad—And he is not a Jew that is one outwardly, neither is circumcision that of the flesh; but he is a Jew that is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the Spirit—whose praise is not of men, but of God. Remember, my dear brother according to the flesh, I have been brought up a Jew, and would not recommend anything for your hurt. But, except you are born again, you can never enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

ABRAHAM WOLFF.

Another triumph of the cross—! another trophy from the foe—! another son of Abraham led to the true Messiah—! It will be impossible, without deep emotion, to read the simple and candid narrative which accompanies this notice. This unaffected disclosure bears strong internal evidence that the influences described have been deep and genuine. One remarkable fact connected with this conversion to the Christian faith, is, the exceedingly deliberate process by which the evidence was weighed, and the truth at last embraced. From the first entrance of convictions into his mind, under the appeal of an *African Paul*, to his final and full reception of Jesus Christ, four years elapsed—marked by all those scattered convictions and vows—by those alternations of doubt and trust, of despair and hope, of interest and of a sense of duty, which might have been expected in the case of a *stricken* yet hesitating Jew. So far from being even most distantly chargeable with interested motives in this great change, it is obvious that he resisted, so long as he *could* or as he *dare*, the call of the Spirit to repentance and Christianity.

The evidence drawn from this case, of the truth of the Christian System, is at

* The words from which I received consolation, and seemed to be impressed on my mind with supernatural power, were these: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37.

once of the simplest and strongest kind. It becomes an argument of *specimen*, and not of *abstraction*. We exhibit in it *what our religion has done, and on whom;* and we add it to all the formal proofs drawn from prophecy and the present state of the Jews, in support of the divine claims of the despised Nazarene.

The many and increasing cases of conversion from Judaism to Christianity, give high hope—nay evidence, that the day is just at hand when they who have been "many days without a king, and without a prince, and without a sacrifice, and without an image, and without an ephod, and without teraphim, shall return and seek the Lord their God."

O weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines lie desolate, whose land's a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where her God hath dwelt, the godless dwell.
And where shall Israel lave her bleeding feet,
And when shall Zion's songs again be sweet,
And Judah's melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leapt before its heav'nly voice?
Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
How shall ye flee away, and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest—the fox her cave—
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave. *Byron.*

DR. GRIFFIN'S SPEECH,

BEFORE THE JEWS' SOCIETY.

(*Concluded from page* 7.)

The close of the 1260 years terminates the apostacy in the west, as well as that in the east, and Faber has shown that the Romish church and the Mahometan power will expire at the same time. That course of things in Europe which is gradually tending to the catastrophe in the west, is *one* amidst all its varieties. Different parts of this series will be developed in succession; but the first new event marked in prophecy, will be, I think, the restoration of the Jews. The world are waiting for this. Nothing can be done till it is accomplished. The course of things must stop if it be delayed beyond its time. And the time is near, much nearer perhaps than we imagine. According to Faber, it cannot be more than forty years distant, and not much above twenty if the 1260 years are Chaldaic. And it may be much nearer. I know of nothing in prophecy that would be contradicted by it should it come to-morrow. The motions in Europe in favour of the Jews, indicate that the time is fast approaching. The prejudices of the Jews themselves are giving way, and an expectation seems to be spread among them that the time of their deliverance is at hand.

Grudge not the expense of their restoration. It is the most economical course you can take. For when they are restored to their country and their God, you will have missionary funds enough. A large part of the moveable wealth of Christendom and of the Turkish empire would accompany them home. Fast property, for the most part, they have none. They are strangers in every land. Their eyes are ever towards their own Canaan. They are always ready for their journey. Load your ships of Tarshish, spread your sails, and bear out to sea a richer cargo than ever floated the Atlantic. I heard a voice from heaven, saying, "Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God." And as the sacred fleet comes in through the Mediterranean with the flight of a bird, an eye perched on Mount Zion descries the "sail-broad vans," like a white cloud in the horizon, and a voice inquires, "who are these that fly as a

cloud, and as doves to their windows?" Ay, as doves to their windows. When the poor feathered wanderers are overtaken by the tempest, or pursued by ravenous birds, how precious do these refuges appear; how earnestly do they long after the sheltering cabin. With far greater desire will this "nation scattered and peeled," this "nation meted out and trodden down," this nation which every hand has plucked and every foot has spurned, look forward to their own Jerusalem, and to the land of their rest.—When fleeing from a world in arms, from hard-hearted hate, from frowns, and injuries, and insults, how will they look forward to the valleys and glens of Canaan as so many windows of a dove, a home after all their wanderings, a rest after all their toils, a shelter from all their dangers.

And while they are waiting for the portals of Palestine to open, shall not this interesting people find an asylum with us? Let there be one spot where they shall receive the kindness due even to brutes. The injustice and cruelty which they have experienced from baptized nations are an everlasting blot on the Christian world. Although in this unbroken course of persecution and scorn the nominal followers of Christ have been executing the divine sentence, yet, like Nebuchadnezzar, their heart meant not so: and this abuse from the Christian world has served only to prejudice the Jews still more against Christianity, and with a thicker "drop serene" to "quench their orbs." Proscribed and hunted in Europe, and Asia, and Africa, they want in these ends of the earth, an asylum, where, under kinder treatment, their hearts may be won to Christianity, and where, with unruffled mind, they may examine its claims; where they may cultivate the sciences, and raise up able and learned missionaries to send to their brethren throughout the world. Without being brought together into one peaceful community to learn the arts of life, the science of legislation, and the maxims of political wisdom, how are that depressed people ever to become prepared to conduct their own civil and political concerns, and all the interests of a separate nation? And where in all the world should this asylum be found, but in this land of freedom, the last retreat of liberty, known through the earth as the asylum of the oppressed? We have given a refuge to the oppressed of all other nations; now at last let us open our doors to the most oppressed of all, to those from whom we received the records of salvation, who have the blood of Abraham and David in their veins, and who in all their wanderings occupy so much of the care of heaven. It will be an honour to our country to have it told through the world, that when no other region on earth would receive the ancient people of God, they found a refuge in the tranquil shades of America. And of all places this is the most fitted. Take them home, imbue them with the spirit of your own institutions, and then send them back to kindle up the light of liberty in Asia, and to break the rayless night of despotism which now broods over one entire quarter of the globe. It is what we owe to the sacred cause of liberty by which we ourselves have been lifted to heaven. It is only a reasonable tax for our birth-right.

I love to trace the obscure glances cast at America from the Mount of Vision, as though from a consciousness of the future relationship between this undiscovered land and Asia. Thus David: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the *west*." Thus Malachi:—"From the rising of the sun *even unto the going down of the same*, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name and a pure offering." And since the Hebrews gave the name

of islands to all countries over sea, perhaps I may add the words already quoted from Isaiah: "Surely the *isles* shall wait for me;" that is, to bring my family home. Let America from her western hills reflect back the morning light which she received from Asia, and thus explain why the eyes of eastern seers went before Columbus to this distant land.

Doubtless the projected establishment ought to be regulated with extreme caution, and watched over with unceasing vigilance. It is not, as its enemies would represent, to pamper indolence and hypocrisy. It ought soon to be made to support itself, except so far as it respects the education of missionaries, and perhaps, while the colony is small, the partial maintenance of a minister. The expense of the passage from Europe should be provided for there. The establishment will not long be wanted for the Jews; but whilst it is wanted, it will probably do good enough to outweigh a million times the value of the property, and afterwards it may be sold to transport the colonists to Palestine, or be disposed of in aid of some other charity.

In this artless manner I have spread the case before you. It is enough that it stands forth in its own native form. It needs not the aid of eloquence. I will make but one appeal: if ever you heard of the self-denials and prayers of Abraham for you—if ever you were refreshed by the warblings of David's harp—if ever the labours of an Isaiah for the Gentile Church came into mind—if ever the toils and sufferings of Peter, and Paul, and John, or the sorrows of Jesus of Nazareth; by the prayers of Abraham, by the melodies of David, by the toils of apostles, and by the sufferings of Christ, I beseech you, have compassion on their brethren.

"O Lord! let me have any thing *but* thy frown; and any thing, *with* thy smile!"

EXTRACT FROM FOSTER'S ESSAYS.

I will imagine one case more, on which you would emphatically express your compassion, though for one of the most daring beings in the creation, a *contemner of God*, who explodes his laws by denying his existence.

If you were so unacquainted with mankind, that this character might be announced to you as a rare or singular phænomenon, your conjectures, till you saw and heard the man, at the nature and the extent of the discipline through which he must have advanced, would be led toward something extraordinary. And you might think that the term of that discipline must have been very long; since a quick train of impressions, a short series of mental gradations, within the little space of a few months and years, would not seem to have matured such supreme and awful heroism. Surely the creature that thus lifts his voice, and defies all invisible power within the possibilities of infinity, challenging whatever unknown being may hear him, and may appropriate that title of Almighty, which is pronounced in scorn, to evince his existence, if he will, by his vengeance, was not as yesterday a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile.

But indeed it is heroism no longer, if he *knows* that there is no God. The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence that can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for *this* attainment! This intelligence involves the aery attributes of Divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he

does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent of the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things, that is, precludes another Deity, by being one himself, he cannot know the Being whose existence he rejects, does not exist. But he must know that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection and acts accordingly. And yet a man of *ordinary* age and intelligence may present himself to you with the avowal of being thus distinguished from the crowd; and if he would describe the manner in which he has attained this eminence, you would feel a melancholy interest in contemplating that process of which the result is so portentous.

THE LUMINARY.

LEXINGTON:

WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1824.

The friends of truth, in the western country, need not be told that the state of society and public feeling loudly calls for a combined exertion for the more wide circulation of religious intelligence. It is a discouragement to such an effort, that the same state of things which makes the work *so important*, is that which makes it *so difficult*. Attempts at reviving what has once perished in some kindred shape, for want of patronage, meet the *evil prophecies* of men, and in a sort of informal concert, they verify their predictions by resisting or neglecting what, under the nurturing of *another spirit*, might have become a successful and useful achievement. Surely it will not be said that the "time has not come" for displaying the "ensign for the nations," in the valley of the Mississippi. Is a plan for a religious paper among us, an attempt to rebuild *Jerusalem*, that it should be by fate consigned to destruction?

We believe, most confidently, that there is in existence in these western states an amount of interest for the kingdom of Christ, sufficient to sustain twenty presses devoted to religious objects, if properly educed, combined, and directed. Disunion, inactivity, party-jealousy, dexterously turned in upon the vitals of the church by the malignant opposers of Christianity, and the negation of all decided, and confirmed exertions in this way, must all yield to the *cross* when properly erected.

In attempting in some small measure to accomplish this end, or at least to *pioneer* a way for other and better *exertions*, we solicit the aid of the *agents* mentioned in our last column, and of all the friends of this undertaking. If each individual would interest himself for the WESTERN LUMINARY, in his own vicinity, and each secure but a few subscribers or friends, much good might by admission of labour be effected with very little expense of time.

For such services we shall always feel grateful, and by them be *encouraged*, as well as *enabled*, to pursue with some effect the work in which we have engaged.

So far as we are informed, the community of Western readers have not yet been favoured with a perusal of the interesting and valuable work from whose

pages the following extracts are made.—This production, entitled "Essays descriptive and moral, on scenes in Italy, Switzerland and France, by an American," does honour to our country. The Rev. M. Bruen, the author, now established in a pastoral charge in the city of New-York—though heir to a large estate, and to such connexions and mental endowments as opened to ambition a most attractive field—"left all and followed Jesus." In taking advantage, however, of his circumstances in life to qualify himself the more extensively for the service of the church, (perhaps also in pursuit of health,) he once and again visited the continent of Europe;—and there, of course, he was drawn to the salubrious sky of the Mediterranean coast. Among other scenes of interest, he traversed the classic ground of Italy; he inspected the monuments of antiquity, "*preserved by a volcano* for the admiration of a distant posterity;" he surveyed the ruins of Old Rome; he ascended the Alps; and mused and wept over the desolations of the field of Waterloo. Amidst these scenes of surpassing interest, the fading nature of human institutions—the emptiness of *human*, of *mere* human taste and refinement and pleasure—the value of the soul, and of the truth—and the claims of his supreme Lord, who by so many thousand *travellers* was lost sight of in these romantic spots, and even *expelled* from their spirits by the objects they presented—*these*, rose up in review before the *Christian Traveller*. It was his pious aim to associate these scenes of attraction—these antique monuments of taste and grandeur—these works of man, and works of God, with solemn, religious reflection; and to inscribe upon them all, for the instruction of future tourists, *that name* "which might be as ointment poured forth" upon them. But he will better *speak* himself his *own design*.—

"Italy, during all the periods of its eventful history, has been a country so interesting and so unique, that it is by no means surprising that it has been an object of attraction to the intelligent of all the surrounding nations, from the æra of the revival of learning in Europe to the present time. So numerous and diversified have been the compositions to which the scenery of its surface, and the antiquities, the arts, the customs and manners of its inhabitants have given rise, that it may appear presumptuous for an unknown author to increase the extensive catalogue, by the addition of another volume. He feels it therefore necessary to explain the motives which induce him to hazard this little publication, on a subject which may seem to be exhausted.

"The author has long been of opinion that the generality of travellers have visited Italy with expectations so low respecting the moral condition of its inhabitants; or with minds so eagerly intent on the glories of ancient learning, and the graces of modern art, that they have in too many instances either overlooked, or but slightly noticed, this most interesting subject of contemplation. Many of them have witnessed, therefore, with apparent apathy, exhibitions of character and manners, which, in their own countries, would have filled them with indignation and sorrow.

"The natural consequences of this are a relaxed morality at home, and the continuance or aggravation abroad of those evils, which the influences of Great Britain and America might have enabled their free and enlightened citizens to counteract. The consequences in a religious point of view are, it is to be feared, still more pernicious and deplorable. There is a charm attached to the poetical fables of heathen mythology, which delights men of erudi-

tion, and which even grave statesmen and profound philosophers are unable and unwilling to resist. Hence those finely sculptured remains of an exploded superstition, which present the resemblances of departed men exalted into gods, or even sometimes of deified personifications of the corrupt passions of our nature, have become the objects of unmingled admiration, and of unbounded applause.

"Is it not to be dreaded, at the present time in particular, when crowds of the ingenious, the wealthy, and the gay, of both sexes, resort to Italy to drink at the *sacred* fount, as it is rather strangely called, of classic inspiration, that they will lose their relish for a far purer and holier fountain? May it not be apprehended that religion will be viewed rather with reference to taste and form, than to faith and practice? That the fashionable votaries at the shrine of Fancy and of Fiction, will gradually become indifferent and insensible to the surpassing charms and paramount claims of moral and religious Truth?

"Impressed with such ideas, the Author has studied to keep his mind chiefly fixed on the subjects which he deemed of the highest interest and importance in a moral and religious point of view. Whoever, then, may take up this little volume with the expectation of finding a minute detail of his route, his companions, the fare he partook of, or the spectacles which he saw, will be disappointed.—Neither will the reader find in these Essays a regular series of compositions, where one subject is begun, discussed, and concluded in one Essay. The design of the Author is to convey the general impression made on his mind by the moral and religious condition of the most interesting of the continental districts through which he passed; and therefore, when the same impression was renewed by the objects of his attention, he has found it necessary to repeat and enforce it. The natural tendency of an American to compare, and often to contrast, the scenery, governments, and religion of some of the most celebrated countries of the old world with those of the new, he has freely indulged. as it seemed to afford favourable opportunities of pointing out the source and the remedy of many existing evils."

We shall hereafter give some connected extracts from the body of the work.

LORD BYRON.

From the National Gazette.

We have placed in our last page, a biographical notice of Lord Byron, but we cannot join in any lamentations over his fate, except in reference to the Greek cause which he had adopted with so much enthusiasm. For the few years past, we held his genius to be utterly and incurably depraved. The licentiousness of his life corresponded to that of his writings. He lived only to vitiate the world by his personal example, as well as his pen. The corruption of his heart and morals, is betrayed fully in the nature of those memoirs of his vices and follies, which he placed in the hands of his friend, the poet Moore, for publication after his death —memoirs which may be presumed to have been insufferably dissolute and slanderous, since his friend and the bookseller who had purchased them consented to sacrifice their hopes of gain, and violate his injunctions, by allowing them to be consigned to the flames, as an oblation to the peace and honor of his family and other connexions.

He treated his amiable and accomplished young wife and his child, like a fiend; renouncing them for ever, and with them, his great country and hereditary station and duties, in order to play, elsewhere, with more freedom, the sensualist and lampooner. He afterwards frequently directed poisoned

shafts against the woman whom he had so deeply injured, and did not spare. in the coarsest of his tainted poems, even his own mother,who is represented, upon the authority of her immediate acquaintance, to have been a most tender, anxious and exemplary parent. There is no honorable tie in human existence, no virtuous and fine feeling, no innate nor acquired pure sympathy, no religious principle, no moral sentiment, no wholesome prejudice, which is not calumniated or scoffed in his compositions. It cannot be asserted that any author of the age has shown himself more refined and malignant in his atheism; more studious to degrade and blacken human nature, and more wanton and obdurate in his ribaldry. We need only refer to Don Juan, Manfred, Cain, his contributions to the Liberal, and his last degenerate piece, the Deformed Transformed.

That he possessed great talents and produced specimens of noble poetry, cannot be denied; yet even as a poet, in a literary point of view, he oftener sinned than excelled, and did at least as much to injure the taste as to deserve the admiration of his cotemporaries. The merits, considerable as they are, scarcely redeem the faults, of his verse—in his more recent efforts, his genius very rarely blazed forth; it is not discernible, but at intervals "far and few"—he was finally careless or incapable of the qualities which recommend a work to the favor of an enlightened critic and sound moralist. It seems to us quite probable that, had his life been prolonged, he would have continued, as a writer, in the same downward and evil course.

For the Western Luminary.

OF THE EFFECTS OF A LAX EXECUTION OF JUSTICE.

"Of Law, there can no less be acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God—her voice, the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels, and men, and creatures, of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."—*Hooker's Ecc. Pol.*

It has been very justly observed, that the infrequency of crimes in any state depends less upon the severity of punishments, than upon the certainty of their infliction. The mind, when we would indulge any evil propensity, is prone, under most circumstances, to lay hold of any prospect of impunity. It says to itself, "I may venture to do this thing—such an one has done it, and has escaped punishment—I also may count upon the looseness with which the laws of my country are executed." And thus has it been found, that where men indulge in much lenity towards those who violate existing laws, they in effect *invite* future violations,—and, just in proportion to their actual indulgence of this lenity, throw down those ramparts which legislators had erected around the individual and the state, and set at nought the safety of both.

Indeed, might we not contend that *unexecuted* law is *worse* than no law? The hardy barbarian knows how to defend his person and his rights. His fellow becomes cautious of attacking either. The sword that would reach the barbarian's bosom will quickly be met by the sword of defence; and where resistance may certainly be expected, attack will generally be abstained from, since there are, comparatively, few men who will rashly rush upon glaring danger. Timid men dread the valiant: even prudent men let them alone: and the brave outlaw will respect them. So that the number of those who would assail such, will, in general, not be great: whereas, in *civilized societies, where the law*

is not put in force, that law but serves to put men off their guard: it holds out to them the *prospect* of public protection, and thus induces them to disregard all the private means of self-preservation: it takes from them the *private* weapon, without giving them the advantage of the *public* one.

We would be far from advocating the system of private vengeance. We are opposed to it, on the other hand, *in principle*, even where it has men's pretended *honour* upon its side, and where it presents itself to our view under the vain trappings of modern chivalry. It may, however, well be doubted whether it would be better than placing the sword in the hands of the whole people;—*to put it in possession only of the most flagitious among them, the unprincipled, the dastardly, and the murderous;* and especially so, as, in the *latter* case, *all* will assume it presently, *with a vengeance*, having formed the resolution to use it, more desperate and mad in consequence of their contempt of a pretended law, and their indignation against a tame, unenlightened, and unfeeling community.

Perhaps the most forcible argument against *severe* punishments, arises from the difficulty which *men* must find in exciting such. For man cannot disregard, for the most part, the happiness of his brother. He cannot well consent, when he is not stimulated by revenge, that his fellow, through his agency, shall be consigned to death or to misery. Even where it has become strikingly his *duty* thus to consign an aggressor against the public order, he is *tempted* to *shrink* from that duty; nor can he bring himself to its performance without much effort against the relentings of his nature. He *almost* shrinks from it *where there is scarce a pretext* for so doing—where there *is* a pretext he actually *does* shrink; nor can he *bring* himself to execute a sanguinary law, even though *an oath* may be thought to urge and bind him. The kindly feelings of the heart *will* operate, and frail integrity opposes them in vain. *Yet after all this has been admitted*, what follows from it? Why, only that laws should sometimes be altered. The more enlightened members of the community should be exerting themselves to produce such changes as are to be desired. But, meanwhile, they should leave the *practical effects* of a severe law, while it continues, to be evinced *in its full execution*, rather than *be inferred* from a general relaxation of the public morals, induced by the failure of men to execute their laws, however bad they may be.

For, any law being admitted cruel, by the discerning, is it not better, even with a view to the public mind being prepared to have such law *repealed*,—*to have it enforced?* For how much more *glaring*, (though not more *real*,) how much more *striking* and *imposing* is the evil arising out of a bloody law *rigidly carried into execution*, than that which results from the *same* law, *scarcely regarded, or already become a dead letter?* In the former case men *see* the ill; in the latter they *see it not*, since it consists, mainly, in a palsied state of their moral vision. Men, in this case, would seem to resemble the inhabitants of a portion of country whose soil was already undermined by a most rapid stream, and ready to tumble in: or rather, perhaps, they might be likened to a man under the influence of one of those lethargies of body and of mind, which often but *just precede* the hour of dissolution. The stranger might suppose, (some of the *citizens* might imagine,) that there was but little cause to be distressed at such a people's condition, whilst, in truth, a moral *death* was coming over that people, and ready to overwhelm them! So that, accompanying a dying law, you may discover, on correct examination, a diseased public discernment—a deadened public sensibility—a *stupor* over the souls of men—a state of

things that alarms the *enlightened friends* only of mankind. Whereas, a rigid enforcing of a sanguinary law forces itself on the observation of men generally—arouses the public indignation, and presents to the *legislators* of a country a *public sentiment* in regard to regulations in being, which must (under almost any form of government) lead to a *repeal* of those regulations.

Any thing seems less to be deprecated, therefore, than the having of the laws not to be regarded. Severe law, vigorously put in force, is an evil not likely to be of very long continuance. Whilst the ill we now complain of, promises, wherever it may exist, to abide—perhaps for ages—because it does not challenge the public observation—and farther, must continually deaden the public mind, by habituating it to crimes recurring in rapid succession. And how much more serious is the evil before us, than the other while it does last? A people regardless of crime, dead to moral distinctions, indulging in a miserable repose, in the midst of all that should alarm and arouse her. What could be more truly disgusting than a spectacle like this?

(*To be continued.*)

POLITICAL SUMMARY.

Asia.—In some parts of central India, it appears that the awful scourge of famine, under which this country has so frequently suffered, is now severely felt. The last accounts state, that great distress prevails among the natives, from a scarcity of grain, caused by the destruction of their crops. At Madras, and in the surrounding country, parents were abandoning their children in despair, several of whom had actually died of a famine. To the Christian philanthropist it is a subjects of delightful anticipation, that the christianizing of this most populous part of our globe, will probably, ere long, prevent much misery in this life, as well as in that which is to come. Christianity, we know, will neither produce fruitful seasons, nor feed its professors in idleness and improvidence. But give it its full influence on all classes of a community, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, and it will, by the activity, and industry, and economy, and benevolence, and kindness which it will certainly produce, effectually preserve a people from a large part of the most grievous evils to which in a state of heathenism they are constantly exposed. Let India become truly Christian, and we do not believe that famine will destroy its tens, where it now destroys its thousands. Where then is the *humanity* of those who are bitterly hostile to Christian missions?

Southern America.—The Colombian Republick and that of Buenos Ayres appear to be settling into something like a state of permanent civil order. This likewise may be the case with "The United Provinces in the centre of America," a new republick lately formed. But except what relates to these, the accounts during the last month show, that from Mexico to Cape Horn there is much uncertainty, confusion, fluctuation, and conflict, among the unhappy inhabitants of this whole vast region in regard to every thing relative to the social state. There is little doubt that the agents of Spain, France and Portugal are using an influence which is attended with no inconsiderable success, to foment discord and division, in hope that the result will ultimately be a return of the colonies to their former state of dependance on the mother countries. We have no belief that this result will ever be realized. But in the mean time disturbance and bloodshed are prolonged; and it is next to impossible to judge with any accuracy of the real state of things in the different sections of this agitated region, or to say what a month or a day is likely to bring forth. We are therefore little solicitous to chronicle the incessant changes which occur. We believe that Southern America will eventually be free; but

> "Through what varieties of untried being,
> Through what new scenes and changes *she* must pass,"

we pretend not to predict. Our prayer is that the "days of evil may be shortened." The troops of Buenos Ayres have suffered a defeat from the Indians, who are carrying terror to the very environs of the capital.

France.—All, for the present, appears to be quiet in France. Public credit is represented as greatly advanced. Abso-

lute rule is triumphant, and the people appear to be desirous to have it so. A corps of the French army which had left Spain, is said to be marching back again; and it appears that a negociation has taken place between the courts of Paris and Madrid, relative to the support of this army and the period of its continuance in Spain. Our friend and benefactor LA FAYETTE, has now nothing to detain him in France, but many inducements to make him willing to leave it. We accordingly hear that he is soon expected to arrive in this country, where he will be received as he ought to be, with every demonstration of respect and affection, But we wish that this reception may be in the style of republicanism, and not in that of royalty—and we confidently believe that such a reception would be the most agreeable to the illustrious visiter himself.

[*Christian Advocate.*

OBITUARY.

Died, on the evening of the 10th instant, Major William Sanderson, in the 33d year of his age, and for many years a member of the church of the Rev. Mr. Rankin of this place.

We are aware that praises lavished upon the dead are but seldom seen to have any importance attached to them. When one has departed to that "bourne whence no traveller returns," foes cannot *but* relent—friends find a sort of enthusiasm thrown, by these sorrows, over the merits of the departed—the indifferent are not indifferent *now;*—and praises are either pronounced, or accorded with, from all quarters. Justice, then, and more than justice, is wont to be done to the character of the dead.

In the face of this acknowledgement shall we not be allowed to pay the little tribute of our love over the grave of him whom we saw, for many years, of low health, or of real suffering—bearing, with scarce a symptom of a murmuring spirit, the cross of his Master, through "evil report;"—and whom we have now seen, so far as *one* can ever know the state of another, "die the death of the righteous?"

It will not be pretended that our deceased friend had in life no foibles: It will not be pretended that he was without *much* need that his Saviour should regard him with *mercy*. Yet, whilst the "robe of righteousness" wrought by that blessed Redeemer, was needed; it is delightful that we have every hope that *that* robe was his, and that his heart had been transformed, through infinite grace, into the image of Jesus.

Major Sanderson had been confined to a sick bed, measurably, for *twelve years*. He had in the early portion of that period witnessed the death of two sons, the seeds of whose last illness were received in the service of their country. He had too, during the whole period, many peculiar trials to bear with, besides his bodily sufferings. Yet it is believed that he was not *once* known to repine at his lot; and that although he did often express a wish to die, he was also willing to live, if so his Heavenly Father would have it—and, farther, that his desire of *death* was a desire "to be present with the Lord."

At last the blessed Jesus took our venerable father in mercy: and he went from time, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious eternity.

Reader, whoever thou art, mayest thou "Do likewise."

From Milman's Belshazzar.

* * * * We'll take the harps that hang
Around us, and are us'd to feel the hand
Of sorrow trembling on their mournful strings.
When ye demand sweet Sion's songs to mock them,
Proud strangers, our right hands forget their cunning.
But ye revenge you, wringing from our hearts
Sounds that might melt your senseless stones to pity.

HYMN.

O, thou that wilt not break the bruised reed,

Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner's brow,
Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,
The only balm of our afflictions thou,
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, oh God!
To kiss with quivering lips—still humbly kiss thy rod!

We bless thee, Lord, though far from Judah's land;
Though our worn limbs are black with stripes and chains;
Though for stern foes we till the burning sand;
And reap, for others' joys, the summer plains;
We bless the Lord, for thou art gracious still,
Even though this last black drop o'erflow our cup of ill!

We bless thee for our lost, our beauteous child;
The tears, less bitter, she hath made us weep;
The weary hours her graceful sports have 'guiled,
And the dull cares her voice hath sung to sleep!
She was the dove of hope to our lone ark;
The only star that made the stranger's sky less dark!

Our dove is fall'n into the spoiler's net;
Rude hands defile her plumes so chastely white;
To the bereaved their one soft star is set,
And all above is sullen, cheerless night!
But still we thank thee for our transient bliss—
Yet, Lord, to scourge our sins remain'd no way but this?

Lord, even through thee to hope were now too bold;
Yet 'twere to doubt thy mercy to despair,
'Tis anguish, yet 'tis comfort faint and cold,
To think how sad we are, how blest we were!
To speak of her is wretchedness, and yet
It were a grief more deep and bitter to forget!

Forgive, forgive—even should our full hearts break;
The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise:
Ah! thou art still too gracious to forsake,
Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers hear not our murmurs, Lord;
And, though our lips rebel, still make thyself ador'd.

Agents.—We venture to name the following individuals as agents for the Western Luminary, and request that they will use their endeavours to procure subscribers, and receive payments, for the same.

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